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Tracts for the People.

"*Salus populi suprema lex esto;*"
(that is,)
"*Let the* SALVATION *of the people be our highest principle.*"

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

PART II.—ITS DARKENING.

"*May the counsel of the wicked be far from me. How often shall the lamp of the wicked be put out, and a deluge come upon them, and He shall distribute the sorrows of His wrath.*"—*Job* xxi. 17.

Nearly six years had now passed over since the vow was spoken; and they had been years all of joy and happiness; when a change came over the household of Pierrot, which blighted it sadly and brought with it sorrow and woe.

A little before this time, two strange men came with their families to settle in the neighbourhood. They were a rough set, and no one knew any thing about them. They took a piece of land at some distance from any other dwelling, and built themselves large huts of timber, much like those of others; but while they were working at them, they seemed jealous of any one's coming to look at them; and when they were finished they never invited any one inside. The men did not seem to have any particular occupation, and the women were idle and slovenly; yet they always seemed to be better off than their neighbours, and on Sundays made a very dashing appearance. Nobody knew what to make of them, but it was clear there was some mystery about them.

A few months after they had settled there, a sensible alteration in the character of Pierrot was observable by his wife and daughter. He went to his work with less cheerfulness, and got apparently through much less of it, for his earnings clearly fell off. He was thoughtful and reserved, almost moody, and for the first time had evidently a painful secret which he concealed from his family. Instead of returning home as soon as his work was done to enjoy their society, they would have to wait for him some hours in silent grief, and when he did come in, he was cold and silent, and made some poor excuse for his lateness. At length one day when he went to work, he said to his wife: "Annette, I shall probably not return till very late to-night—so don't sit up for me. I have important business which may even detain me all night." He gave no time for any remonstrance, but hurried forth. Oh! what a sorrowful day was that for mother and daughter! they scarcely spoke all day, and each tried to hide her tears from the other; for the child, though only eight years of age, had sense enough to know that things were going fearfully wrong. Towards evening, therefore, both, guided by the same impulse, took the road towards Mont-Marie, to pour forth their grief and seek consolation at the foot of the altar. There Marie knelt in her usual place behind the lamp; she raised her eyes and her heart, and was soon absorpt in meditation. And her meditation was this:

She thought of the desolate home which awaited the blessed Mother of our Lord as she descended from Calvary; the joyless board, the cheerless chamber, the restless couch, prepared for her after a day of anguish and of blight. There, comparing sorrow with sorrow, how trifling appeared her own afflictions besides Her's! There, eyes that fall on garments sprinkled from the wine-press, trodden that day, of God's justice; there, ears that yet ring with the clang of the hammer, forcing nails through the quivering flesh; there, a heart pierced through with a sword of grief, panting to its core with the keenest of maternal sorrows; there, body and soul staggering under a weight of anguish that would have crushed a frame of iron and a mind of adamant, but can be borne up by Her unresisting patience. And in the thought of such an ocean of sorrows, how small a drop did those appear to that child of grace, which the heavenly Father had allotted her! And now, after each kind friend that has accompanied this sovereign Lady to Her humble home has departed, she sees Her left at last alone in the silence of night, with the lamp (fed perhaps from the garden of Gethsemani), beaming upon Her pale countenance, on which that day has written more of woe than years had traced before, glittering in tear after tear, as it trickles from Her dimmed celestial eye, watching alone beside Her, sole thing that cheers and sheds a ray of comfort through the dreary chamber and the drearier heart. And, in her childish thought, she blessed that pale and trembling light which then gave Mary comfort; and felt as though the little flame above her, shining now upon *her* and upon the sacred representation of that Queen of sorrows; before her were the faithful representative and descendant of that which then lighted up and cheered Her sanctuary and home. Its calm twilight thus exercised its soothing influence on the innocent child's spirit, and associated her afflictions with the holiest that earth had ever witnessed. She

felt as though she suffered in company with the noblest and blessedest among women; and the total darkness which had before overspread her soul, was lighted up by a cheering ray, mild, serene, and pure, as that which tempered the shadows of night within that sanctuary. She felt that she could return to *her* desolate home, with resignation at least, after what she had contemplated.

But before she rose from prayer, she had made an offering to the Almighty through the hands of the Blessed Virgin, which she did not tell to her mother for some time after. She felt as though it was accepted, and she was comforted.

Let it not be thought that we have described conduct or feelings beyond the age of such a child. In the world we ordinarily have no idea of the maturity of grace to which children brought up under the Church's wings, are sometimes brought by Him who "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings bringeth forth perfect praise." We hear often amongst us of precocious talent, seldom of precocious virtue; yet one is as natural in its own order as the other. But not only do the lives of Saints, as those of St. Rose of Lima, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, St. Catharine of Sienna, present us with instances of intelligence and spiritual illumination in even an earlier age, but at this day are yet such examples to be found, and that within the compass of our own knowledge. And if parents, mothers in particular, knew how to train their children from the cradle for God; if instead of fondling their infant humours, and caressing their very passions and caprices, they turned the first dawn of their reason to the knowledge and consideration of the Divine goodness; and shaped their lips to utter as first sounds the two sweetest names in human speech, many who now have to weep over the follies and vices of their offspring, might be thanking God instead, for having blessed their family with a Saint.

But to proceed: when the mother and daughter returned home, they were far better able to encounter the melancholy of their cottage than when they left it; nor did its gloom appear so deep, especially to the latter. She seemed almost cheerful, as she bid her mother put her trust in God and in the intercession of His Blessed Mother. It was late next morning, when Pierrot suddenly entered with a pale and haggard look, cast a purse upon the table at which his wife and daughter were sitting, and hurried without uttering a word into his bed-room. They both gazed long in silent amazement at the unwonted sight; and when Pierrot, after a few hours' troubled rest, came back, he was surprised and mortified at finding his purse lying untouched where he had thrown it.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked with some bitterness. "Do you take that purse for some venomous animal, that you have been afraid to touch it?"

"Pierrot," answered his wife, "how is it come by?"

"Honestly I assure you," he replied. "You do not, I hope, think me capable of theft or robbing?"

"God forbid!" rejoined his wife, "but you have done very little work of late; and it would take long in your craft, even with great industry, to amass such a sum. A purse-full like that, got in one night, looks, you will own, to say the least, suspicious."

"Then make yourself easy," said Pierrot, "it is honestly come by. I have fallen in with acquaintances, who have put me into the way of a successful commercial speculation; and these I hope are only its first fruits."

The poor woman was glad to receive the comfort of his words. But though she looked contented and put up the purse, she could not bring herself to use its contents. She redoubled her industry, and wore herself to death at her wheel, to keep up appearances and guard off famine; but neither she nor her daughter would touch the suspicious gold. And often would Pierrot bring more, after having been out a night, and sometimes two and the intervening day; and yet the store remained untouched. For one sign was in their eyes decisive, Pierrot was no longer the same. He neglected every religious duty, was seldom at Church except on the Sunday, and then seemed to have no pleasure in its duties.

Once it happened, that his little daughter enticed him in the afternoon to Mont-Marie, where taking her usual place she prayed earnestly for him, and renewed the offering of herself before alluded to; she prolonged her prayer beyond dusk, by the favourite light of the Sanctuary lamp; but, on rising from her knees, she found her father gone. He was waiting outside, and on her affectionately remonstrating with him on his impatience in leaving the Church, he replied:

"For my part, I wonder how you could stay and so long and pray by that dim and dismal light. By it the Church looked to me like a dark sepulchral vault, so gloomy and oppressing. The pictures on the walls stared at me like so many ghosts, or appeared to frown upon me. It made even the image of the Blessed Virgin look cold and stern. I could not stand it, and came out to breathe a mouthful of fresh air."

The child sighed, and said, "Ah! dearest father, you used not to speak so. There must be something amiss in that breast that loves not, or dares not, to pray by the still light of the Sanctuary's lamp!"

Pierrot walked home in silence, and for some weeks was more steady at his work. But he soon relapsed into his former habits, and even extended his absence from home to longer periods; to weeks instead of days. It is time, however, that we explain the cause of his unhappy change. The new comers to his neighbourhood, whom we have mentioned, belonged to a rough and unprincipled class, that hang (especially in mountain districts) about the frontiers of foreign countries. They were contrabandists or smugglers, who contracted for a certain profit, to carry French goods over the Spanish border without paying duty; and this was often done by large parties on a great scale, in spite of the vigilance of revenue officers, whom they did not scruple to attack and fight in case of surprise. These two men and their families were old offenders and experienced hands. Being too well known at their former station, and having observed, in the neighbourhood of Mont-Marie, passes comparatively but slightly

guarded, in consequence of the honesty of the peasantry, they had determined to turn the circumstance to their advantage, and came to settle in that neighbourhood. But to succeed, they saw it was necessary to get some one to join them, who was well acquainted with every nook and track among the crags and mountains; and, having taken some time to pick up acquaintance with the characters of their neighbours, they fixed upon poor Pierrot as their victim, not only because he was an expert mountaineer, but because his very gentleness of character, the result of his virtue, would enable them, could they but once corrupt him, to keep him more completely under their power, than one of a rougher and sterner cast.

They began, therefore, artfully to insinuate themselves into his familiarity and friendship, by expressing an interest in him and his family, and their pity at seeing him toiling all day for a paltry pittance, when by commercial undertakings, sure of success, he could soon put himself in far better circumstances. Pierrot listened, at first with indifference, and then with curiosity, which soon grew up into eagerness to their tempting suggestions. At length they unfolded their schemes more openly, and he was startled. But for this they were prepared; and after the first shock was over, they began to remove his scruples. They told him speciously, that they were French subjects, and consequently not bound by the Spanish laws, which alone forbade the introduction of goods across the boundary; that, consequently, with them this could not be wrong, but was merely a commercial speculation, attended with risk of seizure, just like a venture in time of war, or a ship's freight sent through the boisterous ocean in winter.

Pierrot was at last engaged to join in one of their expeditions, they took care that it should be a safe, easy, and pleasant one; and he received as his share of profit the purse which he threw on the table of his cottage. Although his conscience was ill at ease, the love of money had now struck root in his heart, and he was soon so surrounded with the toils of his artful seducers, that he had no longer strength to disentangle himself or to break through. Such is the history of many a good but weak mind, that has but listened to the arts of a deceiver. Its very goodness makes it an unequal match for well-trained cunning and daring profligacy. After its first fall, its powers are broken, and it allows itself to be led by the will of its ensnarer.

After Pierrot's visit, described above, to the Sanctuary of Mont-Marie, his companions, afraid of his escape from them, and of his betraying them, determined to involve him still deeper in crime. First, when they had again prevailed on him to join them, they took him upon a more venturesome expedition, which as they had foreseen, led to an encounter with the revenue-guard; shots were fired, blows were struck, and the pass was forced by sheer violence. A few days after, placards were posted in all the neighbouring villages, offering rewards for the discovery of the offenders, with free pardon to accomplices who should betray them. Pierrot's tyrants showed him these, and threatened on his first attempt to dispute their will, to carry him over the frontier, and deliver him to the authorities.

He was now their victim, their tool in any wicked enterprise. He had no longer a will of his own; he seemed to have surrendered his very soul into their hands, and there was no extent of crime (short of murder), to which they did not lead him at their pleasure. They had at length ventured to unveil to him their real characters, as outlaws and banditti. They made him join them in their midnight robberies; but he sickened at the very thought of polluting his once happy dwelling with the fruit of his villanies; he refused a share in the spoils, and whenever he returned home, it was only with more haggard looks, more tortured conscience, and an empty purse.

He loathed his very life, he gnawed his very heart in sorrow, and the most desparate thoughts, even of self-destruction, began to haunt his mind. His companions saw him sometimes looking over the edge of a precipice, as if deliberating whether to throw himself head-long, or feeling the point of a dagger, as if meditating a self-aimed blow. But a cold shudder would creep over his frame; he would draw suddenly back, or cast the weapon away; while his companions would break into a coarse unfeeling peal of laughter, and dare him to accomplish his thought. Yes: thanks to Heaven, Pierrot had not yet lost his belief in Eternity; he remembered that there was a bottomless gulf below the depths of the precipice, and that there was a sword of Divine justice, keener than the dagger's point.

But his companions saw that they would soon lose their hold on him, that his desperation would drive him to some deed that would betray them. They, therefore, with artful villany changed their course. They assured him of their willingness to release him from his painful life. One, only one more enterprise did they require him to join, it was an easy and safe one; and after that they would quit the neighbourhood, and he should be left at peace. At peace! little did they know or care, how effectually they had riven this from his heart, how they had banished it from his life! Still, to him there was comfort in their words; and he almost longed to commit the crime which was to be his last. A day was fixed for it, yet a month off, and this seemed like an age to Pierrot. Nor could any entreaties prevail on them, to communicate to him the nature of their intention. Only he clearly saw preparations making at their houses, for a complete and sudden flight; and in this he felt he had the best pledge and security for the truth of their promises.

Let us in the mean time, return to consider his poor wife and child. Every month of the period, over which we have traced Pierrot's evil course, had sunk them deeper in misery and in sorrow. Of the character of his crimes they had no evidence; for as he never brought home his share of plunder, and as he kept a moody silence and reserve, they had no grounds on which to suspect farther than he was engaged in something very wrong. Even when at home, he could get but little work, for no one now cared to employ him; and so his once neat and happy dwelling bore marks of poverty, neglect, and decay. And within, too, all was sorrow and distress; no cheerful conversation, no smile, no confidence. The mother and the

daughter, indeed, understood one another, but it was more by silent sympathy, than by exchange of sentiment; for each feared ever to swell the other's grief, and generally stifled her inward feelings, and repressed the gushing tear or wept alone. And let this be added to the praises of the poor, that none better than they have the inborn delicacy to honour virtue in distress, and refrain from sarcasm and reproach against those whom bitter trials oppress. Never was the conduct of Pierrot, though now notorious and a public scandal, cast into the face of these two forlorn ones, morally indeed a widow and an orphan. But rather it seemed as if a tacit honour was paid to their suffering innocence; every one made way for them, every one seemed to soften his voice as he addressed them; many a little present, artfully conveyed, so as to repress all sense of obligation, made its way to their cottage to soothe their distress; and many a kind hope that God would console them, was whispered at the Church door in their ear.

And He did, in truth, console them: for without His Presence, His Grace, His Light, His Food, their hearts would long since have been broken by despairing sorrow. Again and again did they kneel at evening before the altar, and there ever found they the calm and peace which resignation to the Divine Will alone can give. It was on one of these occasions that a new association of ideas led our little contemplative to consoling thoughts akin to those which we have seen the Sanctuary's Lamp had before suggested; only from the sorrows of the Mother, it guided her to those of the Son. She had been reading in her little rude picture-bible, and had there seen illustrated the vision of Zacharias (*chap.* iv.) in which is described the golden candlestick before the altar, on either side whereof stands an olive tree, the overhanging branches of which feed, through golden funnels, the sacred lamps with an unfailing light and unction (*verse* 12.) To this her thoughts reverted as the soothing light of the lamp fell upon her; and wearied much with sorrow, she fell into one of those calm moods of meditation in which the thoughts arise spontaneously, and pass, as on a mirror, before the mind, seeming but the reflection of objects presented by an external but invisible power. It appeared to her as though the lamp before the altar were enlarged in its dimensions, and became a golden font, in the midst of which burnt a flame celestial in its purity and its brightness; while over its hedge flowed on every side, a rich amber wave of purest oil, some of which was caught up by unseen hands in golden phials, and borne away as a precious treasure; while some fell in drops like balm upon her and others, and where it fell, closed a wound, or healed a sore, or soothed a pain, or stilled a throb. It dropped upon her lips, and it was bitter with the bitterness of myrrh, but withal savoury, and as a cordial to her breast. Then as she wondered whence came this marvellous overflow of abundance, (like the filling of the widow of Sarepta's vessels), she saw above a branch of a dark and gloomy olive, which overhung it, and distilled into it from its purple fruit thick clammy drops of its healing juice. And when again she wondered whence this chosen plant derived its sacred sap, she looked naturally down towards its twisted roots, and there beheld One prostrate as in anguish and prayer. His face could not be seen, for His pale forehead touched the ground; but His dark robe seemed as studded with princely gems, rubies, or carbuncles of sparkling brightness. And by degrees these increased in size, and began to flow, trickling as a dew upon that consecrated ground. For they were the first life-drops, earnest of a fuller flow, which burst through those pores, whence virtue went out to heal all. By these was fed and enriched, while it was hallowed, that tree which first, after the deluge, put forth branches of promise of peace and of hope, and sent by the dove the first tidings of reconciliation to the world baptised. And hence the fruit of that tree was made the third in order of earth's most precious produce, joined ever to the "corn and the wine" in the threats and the promises of prophecy,* and forming with them the triple power whereby men are multiplied† and strengthened in sacramental life.

To that thoughtful child's heart there seemed as clear connexion between this consecration and its fruit, as there was between Our Lord's descent into the waters of Jordan, and the mystical sanctification of that cleansing element. The olive consecrated by the holy unction of our Redeemer's first blood, became to the Church a sacred tree, whose juice can soften, nourish, heal, render at once supple and strong, the soul sacramentally, as the body naturally, and alone is fit, with the produce of the industry of the virgin bee, to light up the Sanctuary of God.‡ These musings of the sorrowful child brought their consolation, by leading her thoughts to that scene of sorrow, in which even *agony* of mind may learn resignation. And this thought struck her. If in the courts of the heavenly Jerusalem it shall be said to holy virgins, spouses of the Lamb, "God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness," shall it not be said that here below there is *an oil of affliction* too, with which the servants of God are anointed, and rendered thereby no less pleasing? And happy the virgin who waiting for her Bridegroom, has her lamp trimmed with this holy oil, aye, and plenty of it in her vessel too, lest it be extinguished. And if it fail her, oh! let her hasten in time thither, where best it can be found and procured, to the Mount of Olives, the hill of unction and of light.

While the youthful contemplative was enjoying these thoughts, and praying that her lamp might be found burning whenever the summons should come, her mother touched her shoulder, and admonished her that it was time to return home. The visions of her childish imagination melted away, and she found herself once more, basking in the mild lustre of the Sanctuary's Lamp.—*(To be continued.)*

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* Deut. xi. 14; and xxviii. 51. Jer. xxxi. 12. Os. ii. 8.

† Ps. iv. 8. "By the fruit of their corn, wine, and oil, they have been multiplied."

‡ To burn gas (as *the* lamp) before the Altar, or upon it, is not only in contradiction to every mystical feeling and symbolical principle, but seems positively unbecoming. With what can it associate the mind except with the bituminous and sulphurous classes of natural productions, and with the exhalations of the depths of earth—things and places more akin to the awful, than to the consoling, dealings of God with man?—*Ed. C. W. I.*

THE DANGER OF THE ALE-HOUSE.

The little village of A——, which stood in a quiet and secluded spot of one of our midland counties, could only boast of thirty families, ignorant of luxury and its fictitious wants. They had preserved among them a spirit of probity and disinterestedness, and when a stranger happened to wander in that direction, he had reason to be pleased with their hospitality.

At the time my history commences the miller's son had just been married to a young girl, whom the lady of the manor had educated from her childhood, and who was possessed of every qualification for rendering an honest man happy—pretty, sweet-tempered, industrious, and pious. Ned might, and did, think himself a very happy man. His old father, Joseph, was very much pleased also, and not the less so that Agnes brought with her a good many pounds which she had saved, or which had been given to her by her friends at the manor.

In the course of the following year, Agnes presented her husband with a little boy, and Joseph was so delighted at the sight of his grandson, that he resolved on giving up the mill entirely to Edward, saying, "My old arms have had plenty of hard work in their day, and now they shall have nothing more to do but to dandle my grandchildren." He accordingly installed Edward and his young wife in possession of the mill, making a singular bargain with his son at the same time. "You know, Ned," said he, "that this mill is the best for many miles round about; the water never comes in too great quantity, nor does it ever happen that we have none; and I believe the reason is, that in the good old times the spring from which it comes on the hills yonder, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. But you know, Ned, it behoves us to be grateful, for we cannot expect our good Mother to continue her kindness if we are not at the pains to thank her for it. I, therefore, oblige you, under pain of my displeasure (and it is no light matter to displease a parent, for God takes notice of it); I oblige you to do what I have always done, and my father before me, and that is, every night at nine o'clock in summer, and at eight in winter, to go round the mill, saying three Paters and three Aves, and every Sunday you shall go at seven o'clock. Go to your bed as soon as you have finished, and take my word for it the mill will go merrily next day; but if you neglect this, misfortune will follow, and remember your father said it."

There was much wisdom and foresight in the counsel, and Ned, who had a great respect for his father, followed it for many years. Agnes had borne her sixth child, and old Joseph had died a happy death, receiving the last sacraments with great devotion, and blessing his family before he gave up his spirit into the hands of his Creator, when one evening the priest called to inquire if all was going well. "Rev. father," said Ned, "I often think there was great wisdom as well as devotion in the advice I got from father when he made over the mill to me, for ye see it puts one so out of the way of temptation; now since the fine new ale-house has been set up in the village, if I go drink with the neighbours, I must neglect the Paters and Aves, and, then, who knows what might happen?"—"There is much truth in your remark," said the priest; "but you will find devotion and wisdom are one and the same thing: 'the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.' But there is another thing that concerns you as a Catholic, and that is, to give good example to your Protestant neighbours, who are too apt to blame the church for the faults of her unworthy members." Ned was sure of himself: had he trusted less in his own strength it would have been better for him.

"What a clever fellow the son of our new neighbour is," said one of his customers to Ned one afternoon, as he was loading his cart with the bags of flour which had been ground at the mill. "Clever," said Ned, "I never see him doing any thing but smoking a pipe all day long at the door."—"Ah," said the other, "that is because you are hen-pecked a little, and dare not take a tankard with us after work hours."—"Hen-pecked!" said Ned, his face reddening with pride and anger; "I'd like to see the woman that could hen-peck me." The other gave a knowing sarcastic nod, and replied, "Oh, none of us never sees nothing of the kind, it's only our neighbours that sees for us: good even, friend, for I'll not likely see you at the ale-house to-night, and yet that chap plays the drollest tricks with the cards." So saying he drove away, leaving his unthinking venom rankling in the heart of Ned. To be supposed hen-pecked, what man of spirit could hesitate to do all sorts of foolish things to convince the world of the contrary! Poor Ned, out of humour with Agnes, who could not imagine the cause, flung himself out of the house as soon as he had swallowed his supper, and instead of saying his Paters and Aves round the mill, walked straight to the ale-house. Here he was greeted by his customer, who tipped a knowing wink to the others, evidently showing he had spoken to them of the hen-pecking; and this being observed by Ned, deprived him of the little self-possession he had retained. He entered into the spirit of the jolly fellows present; the son of the landlord did exhibit extraordinary legerdemain tricks, and at last a game at cards was proposed. Ned was lucky, he returned home a winner of some shillings; but he returned a little tipsy, and too late to say the Paters and Aves. Agnes who had sat up some hours watching anxiously for the sound of her husband's footsteps, was deeply grieved when she saw in what state he returned, but she hid her grief in her own bosom, and as usual received him with a joyful welcome. Conscious of his delinquencies he went hurriedly to bed, and next morning awoke with a racking headache. We know by bitter experience that the paths of sin are all on the decline; every step sinks us deeper and deeper; and as he who has once manfully resisted temptation, finds the second attack much more easy to sustain; so he who has once yielded, finds a tenfold difficulty to resist when the temptation is repeated. The circumstances are unfortunately so common, that

we need not retrace the steps by which Edward became a drunkard, a gambler, a bad husband and father. The family at the Manor had gone to spend some years on the Continent, and the agent who managed the estate was lukewarm and indifferent about the habits of the tenantry, provided they paid their rents. It was not long before Edward was in arrears; his character had changed, he had become harsh and exacting towards his customers—no more credit, no more civility, no more good faith, and no more probity. The money he received was no longer expended on household wants, or laid by for term-day; it was all spent in drinking, or futile attempts to redeem his losses at play. For a long while Agnes hoped all from the natural goodness of her husband's heart, but that heart became hardened by sin; and if he could not look with indifference on the misery he occasioned to his wife and children, he only run the oftener to the ale-house to deaden his susceptibilities with drink. The good priest strove in vain to reclaim him; at first he seemed truly penitent, and promised amendment, but falling again, false shame estranged him more and more from his spiritual father, until his habits had become inveterate.

The market-day arrived, and Edward had a calf to sell. Under pretence of avoiding the bellowing of the poor little animal when led away from its mother, he insisted on leading the cow along with it to the fair. Agnes had a sorrowful presentiment, and resisted the proposal as long as she could without giving offence, or infringing on that duty of obedience which she owed to her husband, and from which she had never swerved, notwithstanding his unworthiness; but at length compelled to yield, she milked her favourite Brunie, now her only cow, and the tears ran down her cheeks as she thought her little ones would no longer have the only nourishing food she had been able to give them for many a day. It was the month of July, and Agnes had been busy all day in mending the almost worn-out garments of her little ones; it was evening, and she sat at the cottage door while the children gambolled around.—"O Mamma," said a little fellow, "only look what a big drove of cattle are coming along the high-road!" Hardly had he spoken, when a cow, escaping from the herd, ran rapidly towards the mill; then all the children clapped their hands with joy, for they recognised their favourite, for whose absence they had been mourning all day. But their joy was soon changed into bitter tears; two men followed the animal, carrying large sticks, with which they began to beat her."—"O do not hurt poor Brunie," cried Agnes, her voice almost drowned in roars of indignation and anger from the children. "Do not hurt her, this was her home; only let me give her a mouthful of corn, and then take her gently away, for I see you have bought her." The men soon saw how matters stood; they were very civil, and tried to console the children, offering them some gingerbread, but the poor things would not be comforted, and wept for their favourite cow. "I'll tell you what," said one of the men, "I have a farm only twenty miles off, and if you can re-purchase the beast within the year, you shall have her for the same money I gave for her; so live on hope, it's a long lane has no turning; an' I promise you she shall be kindly treated for your sakes;" and bidding them good evening, he went away. The night passed, but Edward did not return. Towards noon of the following day he made his appearance; for the first time he beat his wife, and repulsed his children when they approached him: his conduct became worse and worse, till at length the justice of God overtook him, and he was found dead in a ditch into which he had fallen when returning home in a state of brutal intoxication. Poor Agnes, her cup of misery was full. During the two miserable years of her husband's misconduct, although almost heart-broken, she had bowed with humble submission to the will of God; she knew that it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of Heaven; and though her cross was a heavy one, she took it up and bore it after her Lord. Towards her husband she had always conducted herself with the most unwearied gentleness and patience; but unfortunately, instead of reclaiming him, her admirable conduct added stings to his conscience, and helped to drive him oftener to the bottle to drown his senses in strong drink.

The funeral of the unhappy man was over. Agnes sat in her cottage ruminating on the future, the past she hardly dared to think of; her children lay sleeping in their beds, the tears still wet on their pale cheeks. "To-morrow," said she to herself, "I will give up all to the creditors; I fear it will be long before I am able to pay my husband's debts, but they are kind and they will wait." Then falling on her knees before a crucifix which hung on the wall, "Saviour," she cried, "Thou seest me, Thou hearest me, and Thou wilt help me to suffer, not with patience only, but with joy; for every tear I shed will be a pearl in the crown of glory which Thou wilt bestow upon me if I persevere to the end." Then looking towards a picture of the Virgin which hung near, she said in the words of St. Bernard, "Remember, O most Holy Mother, that no one ever implored thy protection and assistance without obtaining relief. Be a Mother to me and to my children. Mother Mary, I trust in thee." She arose with a weight of sorrow removed from her heart; her guardian angel seemed whispering words of comfort, and she sunk to rest experiencing that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Next day she went to the Manor, and inquiring for the agent, she was shown into the hall, where he sat before a large screen. "I am come," said Agnes, "to beg you will take the lease of the mill off my hands; for my children are too young to work, and I am unable to take the management myself."—"Supposing I take your lease," said the agent, "how do you propose supporting yourself and family."—"You know," said Agnes, "that my good Lady gave me a better education than falls to the lot of many; I propose to open a school, to take in needle-work, and I hope in time, when the children can work, to be able to pay all my husband's creditors."—"I have a better plan for you than that," replied the agent: "a friend will advance you money; you will hire a stout lad to do the hard work about the mill;

your eldest and youngest boys will remain at home with you; the Priest will take the second one; your two little girls will be educated by the Sisters of Mercy at B——, and the other will—"be taken into my service, as you were at her age," said the lady of the manor, stepping from behind the screen, and embracing Agnes, who wept and knelt at her feet. The family had returned the evening before; and hearing for the first time of the misfortune of their protegee, determined to give her all the assistance necessary.

It was Christmas day. Several weeks had elapsed since the last events recorded. Agnes and her children sat at their cottage fireside after having made their usual circuit round the mill saying their Paters and Aves. They had that morning heard their three masses, and worshipped at the cradle of their Infant Redeemer; afterwards they had dined at the manor house, and each one had returned home laden with Christmas gifts. "Where is Tom?" said Agnes, for this was the name of the lad she had taken into her service. A noise was heard at the door. "Surely these footsteps are not Tom's, or he must have got four legs," said one of the boys. All turned round, and there stood Tom, sure enough, but beside him was —What could it be?—"O dear!" cried the children screaming with joy.—"It's our dear old cow!"—

M. E.

THE REV. MR. NEWMAN.

THE sermon which I heard from Mr. Newman, was upon the subject which forms the main theme of his whole theory. The text was taken from Isaiah, "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills." In the course of his sermon, he urged that this edifice of the church was not the work of man, but was of God's own foundation; and that not only the building itself was built of God, but that also its watchmen, overseers, and warders, the Christian priesthood, had received their office and their authority from God himself. Mr. Newman, as he appeared in the pulpit, struck me as a lean meagre-looking man, with a stern, motionless, and inexpressive countenance, which had nothing either attractive or repulsive in it. His eyes were small and without fire, as far as I could judge through the elegant spectacles which he wore. The sharp lines on his face appeared to me to denote a clever man, and the thin cheek and wrinkled skin marked out the learned and laborious student. His hair was combed quite smooth, and its straight lines ran parallel with the straight lines of his features, which looked as if he had combed them as well as his hair. I repeat once again, that I was assured Mr. Newman bore an excellent character. And if I make these remarks upon his features, it is not because I had a preconceived dislike to the man, whom I never saw but this once in the pulpit, but because we all, in some degree, carry the appearance and outward form of our principles, without being conscious of it, and consequently such remarks contribute as well to the characteristics of a thing, as a criticism of the thing itself. In his whole appearance lay a certain repose, I might say a rest and a holiness, which was, in the highest degree, peculiar, and it appears to belong to all pious men of his party. He spoke very calmly, or rather without any pretence to emotion. His arms were generally hidden under the border of the pulpit, his spectacles almost always rivetted to his papers; without betraying any outward fire, without deep emotion, without enthusiasm, without employing the ornaments and convincing powers of eloquence, he read off his discourse upon the kingdom which the Lord had established on the hills and on the tops of the mountains. I can scarcely express the singular impression which was made upon me by hearing Mr. Newman utter, with the greatest apparent indifference, the most remarkable phrases, as for instance:—"The vast Catholic body of the church of Christ throughout all the world is broken into many fragments by the power of the devil." There occurred also other and stronger phrases, which he enunciated with a repose, and, at the same time, a decidedness, which struck me as quite peculiar from their contrast of matter and manner. "Newman," said one of his friends to me, "avoids carefully all eloquence, all inflammatory declamation, all overflowing enthusiasm, and is anxious, that the clearness of the matter, and the necessity of his conclusions, should enlighten and strike every one who hears him." But I fancy that he is calm, less from design and self-command than by nature, and such a repose being as it is not without severity and passion, strikes one as very unnatural in a matter of such importance and grandeur, as that which the Puseyites profess to put forward. Inward conviction, and the being perfectly possessed by an idea, leads, of itself, to enthusiasm, as when the fire of the Holy Spirit descended on the apostles, and made them glow with action, and speak miraculously in a hundred tongues. This want of enthusiasm, which marks the head of the Puseyite party, does not tell well for their cause, which they have built only on authorities, and knotty expositions and arguments.—*Kohl's Travels in England.*

THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two—the others sleep
Through Death's untroubled night.
We are but two—O let us keep
The links that bind us bright!

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same:
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one Mother's arms were locked,
Long be her love repaid!
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we play'd.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and wo:—
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago

We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand
Till side by side we lie.

C. S.

THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS.

"THERE was, in the next village, an aged man who had lived an ascetic life from his youth. Antony, seeing him, 'was zealously affected in a good matter,' and adopted a similar retirement. And did he hear of any holy man anywhere, he used to seek him out; not returning home till he had seen him, and gained from him some aid for his heavenward course.....He laboured with his hands, according to the words—'If any one is without work, let him not eat;' laying out part of his produce in bread, part on the poor. He prayed continually, having learned that it is a duty to pray in private without ceasing. So attentive, indeed, was he to the sacred readings, that he let no part of Scripture fall to the ground, but retained all, memory serving in place of books. In this way he gained the affections of all, he, in turn, subjecting himself freely to the holy men whom he visited, and carefully marking down, in his own thoughts, the characteristic excellence of each—the refined manners of one, another's continuance in prayer, the meekness of a third, the affectionateness of a fourth, the long vigils of a fifth, the studiousness of a sixth. This had a marvellous gift of endurance, that of fasting and hard lodging; this was gentle, that long-suffering; and one and all struck him by their adoration of Christ, and love one towards another. Thus furnished, he returned to his own hermitage, with the desire of realizing in himself what he saw in them. This, indeed, was his only point of emulation with those of his own age, that he might not be inferior to them in holiness; and this he so pursued as to annoy no one, rather to make all take interest in him. Accordingly, all the villagers of the place, and religious persons who knew him, considered him especially dear to God, and loved him as a son or as a brother.

"After awhile, our youth's enthusiasm began to take its usual course. His spirits fell, his courage flagged; a reaction followed, and the temptations of this world assaulted him with a violence which showed that as yet he scarcely understood the true meaning of his profession. Had he been nothing more than an enthusiast, he would have gone back to the world. His property, the guardianship of his sister, his family connexions, the conveniences of wealth, worldly reputation, disgust of the sameness and coarseness of his food, bodily infirmity, the tediousness of his mode of living, and the painfulness of idleness, become instruments of temptation. Other and fiercer assaults arose. However, his faith rose above them all, or rather, as Athanasius says, 'not himself, but the grace of God that was in him.' Athanasius then proceeds:—

"Such was Antony's first victory over the devil, or rather the Saviour's glorious achievement in him, 'who hath condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law may be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.' Not, however, as if Antony, imagining the devil was subdued, was neglectful afterwards and self-confident ....knowing from the Scriptures that there are many devices of the enemy, he was persevering in his ascetic life.....He was the more earnest in keeping under his body, and bringing it into subjection, lest, triumphing in some things, yet in others he might be seduced.....His vigils were often through the whole night.....He ate but once in the day, after sunset: ....his food was bread and salt—his drink, water only. He never had more than a mat to sleep on, but generally lay down on the ground. He put aside oil for anointing, saying that the youthful ought to be gallant in their asceticism, and, instead of seeking what might relax the body, to accustom it to hardships, remembering the apostle's words—'When I am weak, then am I strong.'.....He thought it unsuitable to make time the measure either of holy living, or of retirement for the sake of it; but the earnest desire and deliberate resolve of being holy. Accordingly he never himself used to take any account of the time gone by; but, day by day, as if ever fresh, beginning his severe exercises, he made still greater efforts to advance, repeating to himself continually the text, 'forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forward to those which are before.'"

STATISTICS OF IRELAND.

[THE following tables from a report presented some years since to Parliament, show that some things in Ireland are utterly irreconciliable with the possibility of content in that country. While almost all the people are Catholics, and yet all the national means belonging to religion are possessed by such a small minority, and too often used to sustain attacks on the belief of the greater part of Ireland, can we wonder at indifference to, or dislike of law, iniquitously upholding such injustice? The anomaly did not escape Dr. Arnold, an authority exceedingly cried up just at this moment. The following are his remarks on this subject.]—*(Stanley's Life.)*

"The protestant clergy ought not to have their present revenues in Ireland—so far I agree with Lord Grey; but not on a low economical view of their pay being over-proportioned to their work; but because church property is one of the most sacred trusts, of which the sovereign power in the church (*i. e.* the king and parliament, not the bishops and clergy) is appointed by God trustee. It is a property set apart for the advancement of direct Christian purposes, first by furnishing religious instruction and comfort to the grown-up part of the population; next, by furnishing the same to the young, in the shape of religious education. Now, the Christian people of Ireland, *i. e.* in my sense of the word, the church of Ireland, have a right to have the full benefit of their church property, which now they cannot have; because protestant clergymen they will not listen to. I think, then, that it ought to furnish them with catholic clergymen, and the general local separation of the catholic and protestant districts would render this as easy to effect in Ireland, as it was in Switzerland; where, after their bloody religious wars of the sixteenth century, certain parishes in some of the cantons, where the religions were intermixed, were declared protestant, and other catholic; and, if a man turned catholic in a protestant parish, he was to migrate to a catholic parish, and *vice versâ*. If this cannot be done yet, then religious grammar schools, catholic and protestant, such as were founded in England so numerously after the Reformation, would be the next best thing; but, whilst Ireland continues in its present low state of knowledge and religion, I cannot think that one penny of its church property ought to be applied to the mere physical or ordinary objects of government."

POPULATION IN THE YEAR 1834.

Members of the Established Church	852,064
Roman Catholics	6,427,712
Presbyterians	642,356
Other Protestant Dissenters	21,808
Total	7,943,940

PROPORTION PER CENTUM TO THE TOTAL POPULATION.

Members of the Established Church	$10\frac{726}{1000}$
Roman Catholics	$80\frac{913}{1000}$
Presbyterians	$8\frac{86}{1000}$
Other Protestant Dissenters	$\frac{275}{1000}$

NUMBER OF PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Established Church—Churches	1,338
Other places of worship	196
Roman Catholic	2,105
Presbyterian	452
Other Protestant Dissenters	403
Total	4,494

NUMBER OF BENEFICES.

In which there is no member of the established church	41
In which there is 1, and not more than 20	99
In which there are more than 20, and not more than 50	124
In which there are more than 50, and not more than 100	160
In which there are more than 100, and not more than 200	224
In which there are more than 200, and not more than 500	286
In which there are more than 500, and not more than 1000	209
In which there are more than 1000, and not more than 2000	139
In which there are more than 2000, and not more than 5000	91
In which there are more than 5000	12

ADMISSIONS OF THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH.

No. I.

"The Ideal of a Christian Church."

A USEFUL and pleasant volume has been made of extracts from the writings of the most celebrated adversaries of the Catholic Church, and of that kind especially which affords the most striking evidence in favour of every article of its faith. All these authors indeed agree in one particular, that our creed is infected with errors; for if such were not the opinion of those even most indulgent towards it, they would be compelled, if sincere, to receive it; but whilst their unanimity is quite wonderful when they are united, they no sooner set themselves to the task of fault-finding in their separate capacities, than the most contradictory objections and admissions are made. Some affirm that we are right in teaching the doctrine of Christ's real presence in the Holy Eucharist, but wrong when we invoke the prayers of the Saints; others acknowledge that the Communion of Saints, as understood by us, is good, or at least harmless, but that no sane man ought to believe in transubstantiation; some confess that holy scripture insinuates temporary suffering after death, but that there is no warrantry in it for believing any part of the Church infallible in matters of faith; others adopt and promulgate the strongest sentiments of reverence for the Church, yet contrive or allow themselves under one plea or another to remain in a state of schism or alienation from it. Throwing aside the *objections* which are brought against our faith, and which are well known by this time to our readers, or if not known may be learned by asking next door neighbours for some Tracts, filled probably with such objections, and accompanied probably by every sort of scurrility, we purpose in a series of papers publishing *the admissions of those not of our communion*, made by some of the most noted controversialists. It is agreeable to a man's natural feelings, of course, to listen to adversaries bearing testimony to his principles, and, as it were, in spite of themselves; but pleasures may be gathered from these admissions of a far purer kind than those springing from any emotions of gratified pride. We should learn to guard with greater love and humility the sacred form of Faith which God, without merit on our side, has placed in our hearts, when we see that enemies at the gate have stood up to bless her; and as far as our dissenting neighbour is concerned, we may show these passages without indecorum, as proofs that our religion cannot be the mass of absurdities and abominations which not a few have represented it to be, when they find men of mark, incapable of being influenced by worldly reasons at least, making such admissions in its favour.

Our first and second series of evidence of this sort in favour of Catholic faith and discipline we shall take from the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, because it is a book causing at this time a sensation not more extraordinary than just. The author, the Rev. W. G. Ward, would not be thought by many an opponent of our Church, but inasmuch as he remains a minister of a separated body, and states that he is struggling to continue so, he can by no means be regarded as holding any real communion with us.

Taking it as an undoubted principle, that there can be but *one* Church of Christ, and that the Church must be considered to be the representative of Christ on earth, Mr. Ward considers what qualities this Church should possess, and what office it should fulfil. "Her one only object should be to save the souls of those committed to her charge; her voice should be as the voice of God, heard amidst the din of this restless and sinful world, guiding us in perplexities, soothing us in distresses, strengthening us in temptations, alarming the careless and worldly, and cheering the contrite and the humble of heart." Before examining the deficiencies of the Anglican Establishment in the discharge of these duties, which is the main purpose of his book, he enters still farther into his Ideal (the true) Church's duties:

"It will ever have to proclaim in the loudest and most articulate voice the intrinsic hatefulness and peril of sin. Before this gigantic and paramount evil, all others shrink into infinite insignificance. In educating the young, whatever else might or might not be taught, this at least will be impressed on their minds in every variety of shape; on their conscience, on their imagination, on their reason. They will learn to connect indissolubly their idea of beauty with holiness, of deformity with vice. What these duties are in their respective circumstances, which they cannot omit without the temporary loss of God's grace, or at least imminent peril of such loss, no pains and trouble will be considered excessive, in order that they may adequately know; what those temptations are to which throughout the day they will probably be exposed, to what evil tempers and dispositions they are most liable, by what rules and pious practices they may best overcome such temptations, and be faithful to the grace which God so bountifully gives them; instruction in all this will be fully recognised as so absolutely the principal object in education, that whatever of mental cultivation must needs be sacrificed in order to its adequate reception, without thought or deliberation *will* be sacrificed.

"And the same principle will be extended to more general ministrations.

"Much greater care will be employed with those who do come to Church, lest they be betrayed into the delusion, that a regular attendance at Christian ordinances can compensate for open and deliberate habits of sin. Such an idea, at all events, as regards certain sins, is very widely prevalent in England, as all experienced clergymen combine in assuring us; but it will fill with dismay the watchful and anxious priest.

"Again, a Church which is ever on the watch to catch souls, will take especial advantage of those moments, when from reverse in worldly business, or sickness, or sorrow, or from some temporary religious impression, an impulse towards good is felt by one who has hitherto led a worldly or an openly immoral life. She will 'fall on the neck,' as it were, of such an one, 'and kiss him;' she will endeavour to place religion before him in a light as attractive as truth will permit; and to make that task as easy and joyous to him as the case allows, which at best must be most wearisome and grievous, of retracing his steps, and disentangling himself, under God's grace, from the miserable thraldom of sinful habits. At the same time, some wisely and religiously constituted system of observance must be always at hand, to fan the embers of piety into a steady glow; to obtain possession of him, as it were, and secure him from the world, before the latter has had time to re-assert its dominion.

"A function of the Church, even more important than any that we have yet named, is what may be briefly described as the training up of Saints; the sedulously tending of those who, whether in reward for a consistently holy walk in time

past, or by the free workings of God's grace, have aspirations within them which tend to a high and noble strictness of life, and who thirst for a far more entire self-abnegation and devotion to God's will, than that for which the ordinary walks of life afford sufficient scope.

"From what has been said, it results that a Church, such as we are now contemplating, will possess a profound and accurate system of *moral*, of *ascetic*, and of *mystical* theology."

The church which Mr. Ward describes is, however, by no means satisfied with this task just allotted her, and with possessing that theology only which influences man in his individual character.

"There is not one object which an ideal Church will recognise as more vitally important, or to the attainment of which she will direct more unwearied and incessant efforts, than the providing that all her children shall have placed before them, necessarily indeed in very varied degrees of advance and of refinement, but still in whatever degrees of advance, the very same doctrine, the one real, consistent, orthodox faith."

Next, as to the church's method of impressing these truths on her children one by one.

"Her ministers must not merely be orthodox, but carefully and habitually use language precisely orthodox, even on details whereof his own spiritual advancement or else intellectual acumen has not yet enabled him to discern the essential importance. Without this universal and harmonious accuracy of language, unless every thing which comes from authority, authoritative teaching, prayers, ceremonial, conspire with one consent to impress on their conscience, imagination, and reason, one and the same religious faith, one and the same religious character, the Church's task, in itself sufficiently arduous, of providing her children with Christian doctrine suitable to their needs, would be rendered absolutely hopeless."

To such an extent does Mr. Ward carry the importance of orthodox expressions, that his Ideal or true Church, in the performance of her bounden duty, can proscribe certain modes of teaching doctrine which have a precisely orthodox meaning, as used by this or that person, but which by their newness may lead astray or cause ambiguity.

"Such novelties, even of expression, if allowed to circulate among the mass of educated believers, much more if carried into their consequences by profound thinkers, will introduce into the community feelings and methods of thought wholly inconsistent with the true Christian element, and thus sap the very foundations of the faith. This danger can of course be seen, in a particular case, only by those who are deeply versed in dogmatic theology; and this will still farther illustrate the indispensable necessity of that implicit deference to the united decisions of such men which the Catholic Church has ever yielded.

"Such, then, is the essential and fundamental duty of the Church; the united maintenance of these two objects, which cannot by possibility be maintained separately, holiness of life and orthodoxy of faith. Second to this in importance, but second only to this, is the attempt to give to all our high aspirations and affections their adequate and fullest satisfaction, where only it can be found, in God's service. I will instance, as the principal particular under this head, public prayer; or to speak more accurately, the provision of a public office for prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, in its various shapes.

"This doubtless, if not closely connected with a strict government of the inward life, by an inevitable necessity declines more or less into hollowness and formalism; but notwithstanding, when based upon right individual faith and practice, it supplies us with a most invaluable vent for our social regards and sympathies. In order, however, that this may be so, it is of primary importance that the accessories of this service shall be divested of every approach to gloom, constraint, pedantry, or formality; that 'the mould into which the united prayers of the Church are thrown' shall not 'be destitute of poetical beauty,' nor 'offend the spiritual taste by inflated declamation, lengthy verbosity, tedious sameness, wearisome repetition;' that it shall 'give sufficient utterance to all those feelings and desires which Christians in public prayers would wish to express,' and 'all the great doctrines of revelation which they would desire to honour;' lastly, that the people shall not be unduly 'restrained by forms; that they' shall be 'allowed and encouraged to vent their warm devotional feelings in such external acts and gestures as naturally express them,' not be 'bound by harsh and cruel custom to an exterior of polite indifference, a cold, cramping, stifling uniformity.'* But the principles which a true spiritual wisdom would apply, to the setting in order of the services of the sanctuary, have been so admirably expressed in several articles of the British Critic, that it is not necessary here to say more on the subject.

"But not only in religious celebrations, universally, the sense of the sublime and beautiful will be one very principal means, whereby the Church will impress on the minds of her children those superhuman realities, which it is her office to witness. 'Those mysterious feelings which are called forth by the sense of beauty, are media by which heavenly and supernatural truths are, in various measures, shadowed forth to the believer's mind; by which are impressed faint, confused, and unconnected ideas of that unknown Beauty, whose intuition in its full and harmonious completeness is reserved for a future existence.'† 'Whether it be solemn ceremonial, or music, or architecture, or again poetry, which draws forth the sense of beauty in the particular case, so it is that he who patiently continues in well-doing and in waiting upon God, *is* addressed by Him through some peculiar channel, and receives "through a glass darkly" perceptions of eternal and heavenly truth.' A Church, then, fully furnished for her high calling, will have a school of architecture, of music, of painting, perhaps of poetry, of her own; each setting forth in its peculiar method, and impressing on those who are open to its peculiar influence, the one essential and unalterable stamp of the Christian faith and character. Nor should we suppose, that in times past the accomplishment of this high object has been left to unassisted human agency. 'The vast ceremonial, ritual, liturgical system, which is her heritage, the noble building, the solemn procession, the ravishing chant, are, to an indefinite extent, the suggestions of the Spirit Himself to the beloved Bride of Christ. And if to the deep prejudices of modern Englishmen this statement appears at once utterly extravagant, let them read their Bibles, and remember the case of Bezaleel; nay, let them ask themselves whether, in plain reason, the fit outward expression of the Church's feeling, e. g. on Good Friday, would not be an object so far surpassing all other outward things in majesty and sublimity, as to be a worthy occasion for special interposition.'"‡

Mr. Ward then proceeds to examine the spiritual condition of the various classes of society, and represents the poor of our towns as absorbed in labour alone, forced to spend their ten, twelve, fourteen, or fifteen hours a day in the mill or factory, thus losing personal respectability, and too often following the lowest instincts of animal life. The lofty hopes of Christianity naturally lose their influence not only over men in this walk of life so much overworked, but over tradesmen engaged in the keenest competition, and over the gentry possessed in the language of Mills, 'by a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle.' The reformation of these social evils; a higher estimate of what religion is to do

*'On the Synagogue and the Church,' p. 24, 5.
†'On Mill's Logic,' p. 398.
‡'On the Synagogue and the Church,' p. 9, 12, 13.

for us, the admixture of religion amongst our toils, orthodox love of faith, beauty of ritual, and the power of working on each man's heart in secret according to his peculiar state or wants, Mr. Ward considers that his Ideal Church will establish, but that modern Protestantism, which he calls *"the subtlest and most extensively poisonous of heresies,"* has utterly failed in accomplishing these improvements hitherto.

"The Protestant and infidel philosophies have had full scope to exhibit themselves; and the miserable issue to which they are tending is displayed, with more or less distinctness, to numbers who have been nurtured in them, or have been seduced by their show of wisdom and depth. The eyes of men seem turned, in a certain inexplicable manner, towards the Catholic Church, as though expecting some unknown good to come forth from her bosom, to help us in our present extremity of both social and speculative perplexity.

"It will be seen, then, that I cannot at all agree with those who prefer the English Reformation to the Foreign; so far from it, I know no single movement in the Church, except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to me so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard, as the English Reformation."

When the church denounces the mischievous plans of statesmen, great is the outcry of newspapers and politicians. The archbishop of Cologne opposed the king of Prussia when he wished to *reform*, as he called it, the universities of the Catholic portion of his dominions, that is, when the king tried to make infidels the teachers of youth. The good prelate suffered all sorts of persecution; what better defence of his resistance to the state can be given than in the following lines?

"The very idea of attempting to draw into her own hands the actual administration of state affairs, would be no less insane as a matter of Christian policy, than utterly indefensible as a matter of Christian duty. Nor did I ever hear of a single passage in history, in which there was so much as the most distant appearance of such a desire on the part of the Church. But she will feel it her duty, to proclaim aloud the general application of Christian principles to political government; and plain undeniable sins, such as a flagrantly unjust war, or a measure conspicuously oppressive to the poor, she will fearlessly denounce. Against sinful government, of a less glaring and overt character, she will not be sparing in her secret but urgent remonstrances.

"But though an ideal Church will never *aim* at any political position whatever, but occupy herself wholly in performing the various duties of her office, it must be expected, in matter of fact, that her ordinary condition will be one of opposition to those high in worldly station. For her tenderness and loving-kindness will most effectually retain the affections of the poor, while her plain protests against evil will affront and irritate the powerful. 'The world is strong: men of the world have arms of the world; they have swords, they have armies, they have prisons, they have chains, they have wild passions. The Church has none of these, and yet it claims a right to rule, direct, rebuke, exhort, denounce, condemn. It claims the obedience of the powerful; it confronts the haughty; it places itself across the path of the wilful; it undertakes the defence of the poor; it accepts the gifts of the world, and becomes involved in their stewardship; and yet it is at the mercy of these said powerful, haughty, and wilful men, to ill-treat and to spoil. Can it be otherwise, but that a kingdom which claims so much, which professes so much, yet can resist so little; which irritates the world's pride, which inflames its cupidity, which interferes with its purposes, which terrifies its conscience, yet does nothing in its defence but threaten; which deals with unseen ill and unseen good, whose only arms are what an unbelieving world calls priestcraft—is it not certain that such a kingdom will be the prey and sport of the world?'"*

A few noticeable passages.

"Rome has preserved in the main, and we have not, what is so inestimably precious, the high and true *idea* of a Church.

"Mr. Palmer has shown, by unanswerable evidence, what I can hardly fancy any body reading one of my articles without discovering, and what on one occasion I have asserted in terms, viz. that on a great number of points I conceive that the English Church would act wisely in making Rome her model.

"To speak plainly, believing as I most firmly do, that ever since the schism of the sixteenth century, the English Church has been swayed by a spirit of arrogance, self-contentment, and self-complacency, resembling rather an absolute infatuation than the imbecility of ordinary pride, which has stifled her energies, crippled her resources, frustrated all the efforts of her most faithful children to raise her from her existing degradation, I for one, however humble my position, will not be responsible for uttering one word, or implying one opinion, which shall tend to foster this outrageous delusion.

"No doubt the appearance of a slight disorder or unhealthy symptom, on the surface of our Church, could never justify such extreme and decided language as that which I have adopted; but believing, as I do from my innermost heart, that our system labours under no superficial disease, but is corrupt to its very core; that 'the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint;' that the generally received form of religion among us is 'another Gospel, which is not another,' for it is no Gospel at all; believing all this, it was a direct duty to use language, which under other circumstances might have justly appeared wanton, cruel, and extravagant.

"It is plain, if there be force in the arguments used three years ago, that even *omissions* in the Prayer-book cannot be taken as any direct voice of the English Church; nor can it be said that prayers for the dead or Invocations of Saints are condemned by her, merely because she has dropped such addresses from her service.†

"But even were the formularies of our Church accordant instead of discordant, urgent instead of wavering, definite instead of vague, still so long as her practical teaching is in the highest degree uncertain, conflicting, and contradictory; when members of our Church seem hardly to agree in one matter of positive opinion that can be named, except the purity of our Church; and when, even as to that, each party maintains that our Church would be most *im*pure if she taught doctrines, which the other party strenuously contends she *does* teach; I can see no possible defence for the position, 'that her formularies, in their *primâ facie* bearing, demand implicit reception from her children.

"Secondly, is it wrong in me to 'disregard the authorities of our Church?' This must surely depend on the dicta of those authorities. The Roman Catholics indeed generally say, that Christians are, in matters of doctrine, bound to receive implicitly the decrees of St. Peter's Chair: but those who so think, think also that, by a Divine promise, that Chair is infallibly saved from teaching error. But to reject the doctrine of the Church's infallibility as a figment, to proclaim, as a great and glorious truth, that all Bishops are but fallible men, and that the chief Bishop on earth sanctions, nay, practises, idolatry; and at the same time to call for implicit deference and submission to the doctrinal statements of a certain small body of Bishops, who are indefinitely at variance with each other, and who, according to Mr. Palmer's own theory, are separated off from the great body of the Catholic Church; this is a flight of conservative extravagance, an assumption of spiritual despotism, which can find no parallel beyond the circle of Anglican 'high-Churchmen.'"

* Newman's Sermons on Subjects of the Day, p. 293, 4.

†This has indeed been decided by the Ecclesiastical court on the former subject.

How many people would remain mute, if they were forbid to speak well of themselves and ill of others!

GOOD THINGS FROM THE CALENDAR;

OR, FACTS AND THOUGHTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND STUDIED DAILY.

January 26th. ST. POLYCARP.

He was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, who ordained him bishop of Smyrna, which see he governed seventy years. He seems to have been the angel or bishop of Smyrna, commended in the Apocalypse, whom Christ encouraged under his poverty and tribulation, calling him rich, and promising him the crown of life by martyrdom. Having discharged the duty of a good shepherd, he was apprehended in his old age, by the heathens, and condemned to the fire, in which, in the midst of the theatre crowded with an insulting multitude, he offered himself a grateful sacrifice to God in 166.

January 27th. ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

St. John, surnamed Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth, on account of his eloquence, was born at Antioch. His mother provided for him the ablest masters in every branch of literature, but his principal care was to study Christ and to learn his spirit. He laid a solid foundation of virtue, by humility, self-denial, and a complete victory over himself. He was ordained priest at Antioch, and in 398 was chosen Archbishop of Constantinople. He immediately applied himself by preaching and other zealous endeavours to reform the corruptions and abuses he observed among his flock, inveighing against the scandalous lives of the nobility, not sparing the empress herself. His zeal raised him many enemies, by whom he was twice forced into banishment, in which after long sufferings he died in 407.

January 28th. ST. CYRIL.

St. Cyril was raised by God to defend the faith of the Incarnation of his Son, of which mystery he is styled the doctor. In 412 he was chosen Patriarch of Alexandria, and exerted his zeal against the heretics of that time, particularly against the Nestorians, who denied the mystery of the Incarnation. In 431, he presided, as the representative of the pope, at the third general council at Ephesus, in which the doctrine of Nestorius was condemned. He spent the remainder of his life in maintaining the faith of the church in its purity, in promoting peace and union among the faithful, and in the zealous labours of his pastoral charge till his glorious death in 444.

January 29th. ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

He was bishop of Geneva, and spent his life in looking for the lost sheep. In this his zeal was so great, that no kind of difficulties or dangers was sufficient to discourage him; he considered not himself, but only the misery of those seduced souls who stood in need of his help; and God blessed his endeavours with the conversion of more than seventy thousand souls. He happily expired in 1622. Charity and meekness were the favourite virtues of St. Francis. "If, said he, there was any thing more excellent than meekness, God would certainly have taught it us; and yet there is nothing, to which he so earnestly exhorts us, as to be *meek and humble of heart.*"

January 30th. ST. MARTINA.

She was a noble Roman virgin, who in the third century, glorified God by her sufferings: for refusing to sacrifice to idols, she had her constancy tried with scourges, racks, boiling oil, wild beasts, and the fire: but being miraculously preserved, she finished at length a glorious martyrdom by the sword.

January 31st. ST. PETER NOLASCO.

St. Peter, born in 1189, was remarkable for his singular charity to his neighbour. *From his infancy mercy grew up with him.* In his childhood he gave to the poor whatever he received for his own use. When he was twenty-five years of age, he was appointed tutor to the son of the king of Arragon; the sight of the poor Christians in captivity under the Moors touched his heart to the quick, and he soon spent his whole estate in redeeming as many as he could. He founded the religious Order for the Redemption of Captives, binding himself and his followers to devote their whole property, and even their personal liberty, if necessary, to the ransom of captives. Being worn out with labour and age, he happily expired whilst repeating those words of the 110th psalm, *Our Lord hath sent redemption to his people.*

February 1st. ST. IGNATIUS.

He was the third bishop of Antioch, and governed that church above forty years, with an apostolic zeal and piety which have rendered him eminent to all succeeding ages. He was apprehended by order of the emperor Trajan, and by him sentenced to be carried to Rome, there to be devoured by lions. He received the sentence with joy, having a long time desired to offer himself a sacrifice to Christ, thinking that then only he should begin to be a disciple of Christ, when he should begin to suffer for him. Hearing the lions roar, he cried out, "I am the wheat of Christ, let the teeth of lions grind me, that I may become pure bread, fit to be offered to him." He suffered in the eleventh year of Trajan, and his relics were carried to Antioch.

THERE WERE MERRY DAYS IN ENGLAND.

"Go—call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it—by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

AKENSIDE.

There were merry days in England—and a blush is on my brow,
When I think of what our land has been, and what our homes are now;
When our peasantry and artisans were good as well as brave,
And mildly heard the blessed truths the old religion gave.

There were merry days in England when a common lot we felt,
When at one shrine, and in one faith, the peer and peasant knelt;
A faith that linked in holy bonds the cottage and the throne,
Before a thousand priests uprose—with each a creed—*his own!*

There were merry days in England, when on the village green,
The good old pastor that they loved, amid his flock was seen;
The parish Church, that, even then, had seen an earlier day,
There only, like their forefathers, the people went to pray.

There *were* merry days in England—*now*, mark the Sabbath-day,
How many scoff the fanes wherein their good forefathers lay;
Some "new light" glitters in their path—but let the truth be told,
And who can say he's happier now, than those who lived of old?

There were merry days in England—ere England's direst foes
To clamour forth sedition, in their wickedness arose;
To riot in the scenes from which, once, Britons would recoil;
To wreck a thousand hearths and homes, and—fatten on the spoil!

There were merry days in England—ere those traitors snapped the cord—
The bond of faith and truth that bound the poor man to the lord;
When the people loved their rulers, their religion, and their laws,
And the welfare of the nation was to all a sacred cause.

There were merry days in England—there were joys we never knew,
Ere our poor men were so many, and our rich men were so few;
When by honour and integrity our sires would stand or fall—
Before the great King MAMMON was the King that governed all!

J. E. CARPENTER.

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